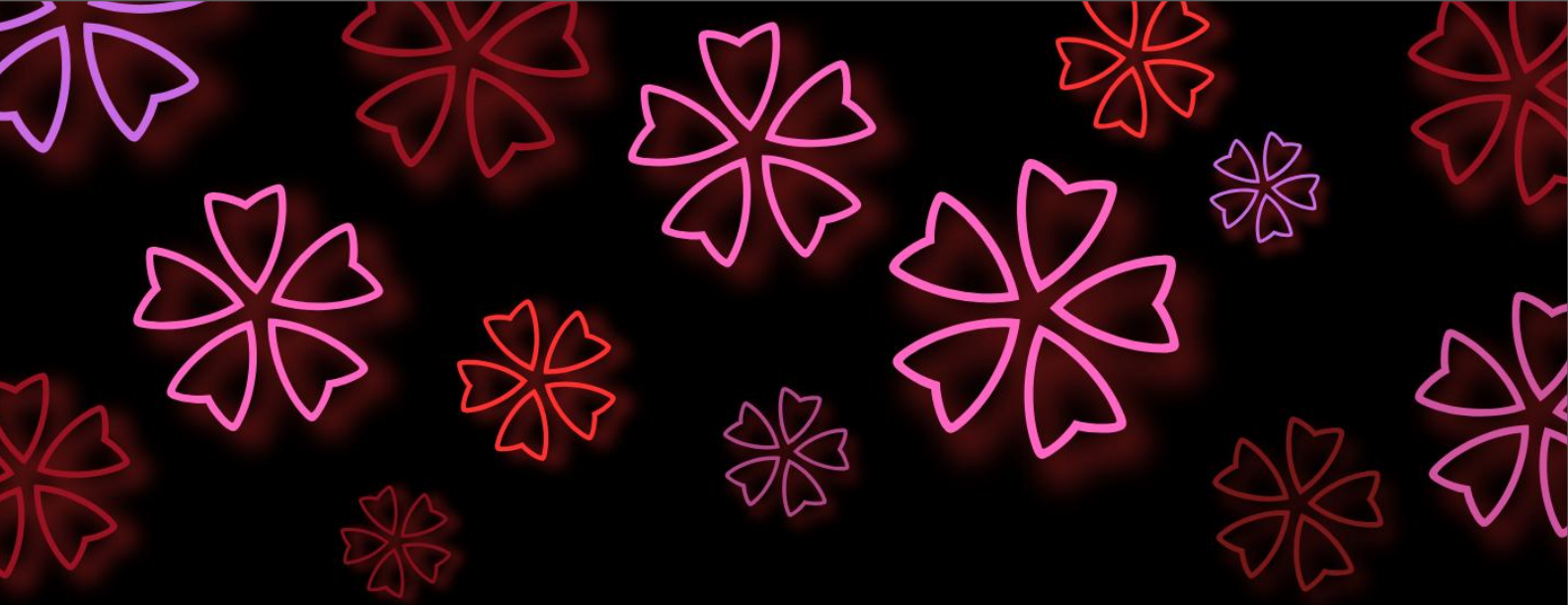
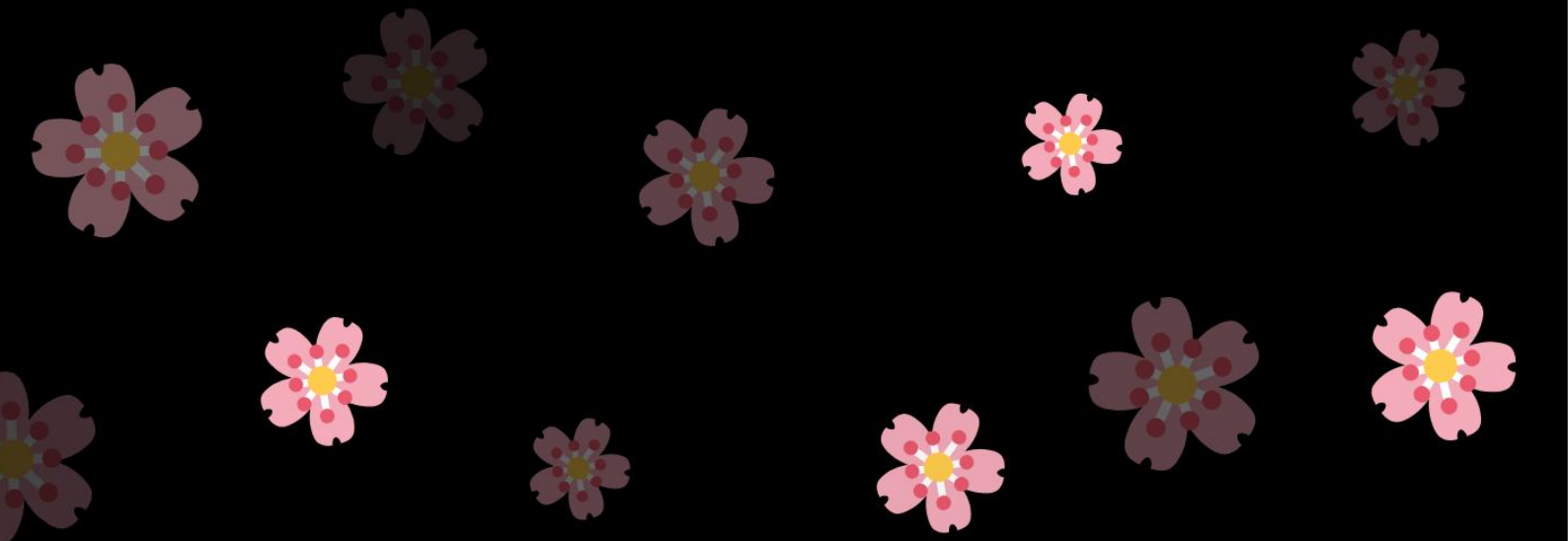


Sombre Of Sakura Yurii

by Tinujungshi Longkumer



A story of silence, sorrow, and Sakura.

Prologue — "A Voice Not Mine"

It was a quiet morning, the day we buried her. The sky hung low with clouds, not quite raining, just still. I watched them drift down slowly, like they were trying to say something. Maybe they were.

They handed me a folded piece of paper — the eulogy. I didn't write it. It was written by the woman who raised her, the one who comforted her, listened to her, loved her like a real mother. The one she called "Mama."

They asked me to read it aloud. I thought about saying no. I hadn't earned the right to speak for her. But something inside me said I should. Maybe this was all I had left to offer. If I couldn't hold her in life, I could at least carry her words now.

The paper was still warm, probably from her mother's hands. It smelled faintly of lavender and something I couldn't name. My fingers trembled as I opened it.

"She had a bird," the letter began. *"A small grey one. She named it Daffodil."* It was the kind of name she would choose — soft and sad and full of meaning. She used to whisper to it when no one was around. Stories, feelings, small jokes she never shared with anyone else. We thought it was sweet. We didn't know it was survival.

The letter went on, line after line, about a girl who smiled quietly and carried the weight of the world in her chest. A girl who was surrounded by love, but never truly felt it. A girl who kept trying, until one day she didn't.

When I finished reading, I folded the paper gently along the creases. I looked out at the crowd — family, friends, classmates. So many bowed

heads. I didn't cry. Not because I didn't want to. But because, deep down, I felt like I didn't deserve to.

I was her father. By blood, at least. But these words, these memories — they didn't belong to me. I was only borrowing them. Still, I read them. Because maybe, even if I failed to be there when she needed me, I could carry a small part of her now.

Chapter 1 — A Bird Named Daffodil

POV: Sakura

I don't remember the exact day I brought Daffodil home. I just remember the quiet. It was raining a little, not enough to soak the ground, just enough to make the windows hum. The kind of rain that makes the world feel far away.

She was small — barely the size of my palm. Soft grey feathers with a tiny splash of white at her chest. I named her Daffodil, even though she looked nothing like the flower. But the name felt right. Not because she was bright or cheerful, but because daffodils let go of their seeds into the wind. I liked that idea. Letting go without being seen.

At first, I thought I'd talk to her just once or twice. But she became a habit. When no one else was around, I would sit beside her cage and whisper everything I couldn't say out loud. Things I didn't understand about myself. Feelings I didn't want anyone to fix. I never expected her to answer — that was the best part. She listened without pretending.

Sometimes, I imagined she was writing down everything I said on tiny pieces of paper that disappeared into the sky. Other times, I imagined she didn't understand a word, and that was okay too. Just being able to speak without being judged — it helped me breathe.

The Yurii family always said I could talk to them. And they meant it. They really did care. But I couldn't bring myself to believe their kindness. It always felt like a costume people wore around me. Like their smiles were just a habit, the same way people nod at strangers on the street.

But Daffodil never smiled. She didn't nod. She just blinked slowly, tilted her head, and stayed. That was enough.

I used to wonder what she would do if I opened the cage. Would she fly away? Would she even notice? Sometimes I thought she wouldn't. She seemed so content in her little space, just like me. Watching the world from behind glass, hearing laughter and voices like they were in a different dimension.

There were days I wanted to tell someone about the thoughts in my head — the dark, heavy ones — but when the moment came, my voice froze. So I'd wait until the house was quiet again, then I'd go to Daffodil.

"*You don't look away,*" I told her once. "*That's rare.*"

She blinked. I smiled.

I think part of me believed that as long as Daffodil stayed, I'd be okay. Like she was holding the thread of me together — soft, invisible, but strong. But even birds need open skies. And deep down, I think I always knew that someday, I'd let her go.

I just didn't know when.

Chapter 2 — Painted Walls, Borrowed Love

POV: Sakura

The Yurii house was warm. That was the first thing I noticed when I entered it — not just the heater or the smell of freshly made soup, but something in the air. A warmth that didn't exist in the house I came from. It was soft, careful, like they were trying not to scare me away.

Mrs. Yurii smiled when she introduced herself. She didn't force a hug, just held out her hand and waited for me to take it. I did, barely, and she squeezed once, gently, before letting go. That meant something to me, even then.

They had already painted my room before I arrived. Pale pink walls, white curtains, a small desk in the corner with a lamp shaped like a cloud. I remember thinking it was too much — like a room built for someone who didn't exist yet. I sat on the edge of the bed and said thank you, because that's what I was supposed to say.

Mr. Yurii was kind too, but quieter. He didn't say much unless it mattered. He always looked at me like he was trying to understand something without prying. When I met him, he asked only one question: "*What do you want us to call you?*" I said "*Sakura,*" and he nodded. "*Then Sakura it is.*"

Therapy started a week later. They never forced me to go. They just asked, gently, again and again, until I stopped saying no. The lady was nice. She asked about school, about my favorite books, about what scared me. I didn't tell her much. Just enough to fill the silence. She smiled every time like it meant something.

I tried to be good. I smiled when I was supposed to. I laughed when they told jokes. I said thank you, cleaned my room, brushed my hair before school.

I became the kind of girl people described as "quiet but polite." The kind of girl who looks fine.

But I wasn't fine.

Even when I felt safe in that house, something in me stayed locked away. I couldn't trust the warmth, because I didn't understand it. And because I didn't understand it, I assumed it would disappear someday, just like everything else. So I prepared myself for that — quietly, without saying a word.

Sometimes I wondered what they'd do if I stopped smiling. If I told them I didn't feel love, even when I was surrounded by it. Would they call me ungrateful? Would they give up? I couldn't take that risk, so I kept playing the part.

At night, I'd sit by Daffodil's cage and talk about it. How I felt like a guest in someone else's kindness. How everything felt like it belonged to someone else — even the laughter, even the comfort.

"You know," I whispered to her once, "I think I was meant to be borrowed, not kept."

She blinked, feathers puffed slightly, then rested her head beneath her wing.

The house was full of love. I knew that.

I just couldn't feel it.

Chapter 3 — Koke, Who Never Bloomed

POV: Sakura

I met *Koke* in my second year at the new school. He was the kind of boy people didn't notice right away — the one who sat near the back, never raised his hand, and always brought his lunch from home. He wasn't shy. Just... quiet in a way that didn't beg for attention.

We started sitting near each other during group activities. At first, it was just by chance. Later, it wasn't. We never said it out loud, but somehow we always ended up at the same desk, the same corner of the library, the same bench near the vending machines.

Koke had a calmness that made silence feel safe. Around most people, silence was awkward — a space waiting to be filled. But with him, it felt like a blanket. We could sit for thirty minutes without saying a word, and I never once felt the need to apologize for it.

He liked reading old books. Not because he loved the stories, but because he said the pages smelled like time. I didn't know what that meant, but I nodded anyway. I told him I had a pet bird named Daffodil. He laughed — not loudly, but softly, like he was holding it in so he wouldn't scare the moment away. He asked if she could talk. I said she listened better than anyone.

We called each other "*just friends.*" People sometimes teased us about it, but we'd brush it off. It was easier that way. There was something in our friendship that felt like more, but neither of us knew what to do with it. We kept it in the corner of our eyes, like something delicate that might break if we looked at it too directly.

Sometimes, I'd catch him staring at me when he thought I wasn't looking. Not in a way that made me uncomfortable. It was more like... he was trying to figure out who I really was. I wondered what he saw. I wanted to ask. I never did.

The thing is, I never fully trusted his smile. Not because he was lying — but because it looked too much like mine. Practiced. Careful. Like he had learned how to wear it, not feel it.

One afternoon, we sat beneath a small tree behind the school. He picked at the moss growing along the base of the trunk. I asked him why he always liked sitting there. He shrugged and said, "Moss doesn't bloom. But it never dies, either. I like that."

That night, I wrote in my notebook:

"Sakura blooms, but only for a moment.

Koke doesn't bloom at all.

Maybe that's why we understand each other."

There were times I wanted to tell him what I was really feeling — the weight, the noise in my head, the part of me that felt like it was fading. But something always stopped me. Maybe I didn't want to put that on him. Maybe I was afraid he'd try to fix me. Or worse — that he wouldn't.

Still, whenever I sat with him, the world felt quieter. My thoughts didn't scream as loudly. My hands didn't tremble as much.

I think he loved me. And maybe I loved him, too.

But neither of us said it.

And nothing ever bloomed.

Chapter 4 — The Mark

POV: Sakura

There's a small mark on the side of my neck. I've had it since I was born. Most people think it's a birthmark — a faint ring, soft and pale, almost like someone pressed a thumb there and left behind a bruise that never healed.

When I was younger, my mother — my first one — used to say it looked like a ribbon. Sometimes she joked that it made me look like a gift someone forgot to unwrap. I didn't laugh. Even then, I didn't believe her voice when she called me beautiful.

Later, the Yurii mother noticed it too. She touched it once gently, brushing my hair aside and saying, "*It's shaped almost like a loop. Strange, isn't it? It almost looks like... never mind.*" Then she smiled quickly and changed the subject.

I never asked what she meant. But I had already thought the same thing.

It looks like a rope.

When I was ten, I stared at it in the mirror for ten minutes straight, imagining it tightening. Not physically — I didn't want to hurt myself. Not yet. But I wondered if this mark was some kind of message. A curse. A promise. Something left behind by whatever God had created in me.

I started touching it more as I got older, especially when I was anxious. It felt warmer when I cried. I'd run my fingers across it and whisper to myself, "*You were born with your ending.*"

I told Daffodil about it once. She tilted her head as I stood near her cage and said, "*What if this is how I'm supposed to go? What if I was never meant to grow old?*" She blinked and ruffled her feathers. I smiled weakly.

I don't think it scared me. That was the strange part. The idea of an early end didn't feel like a horror story. It felt familiar — like I had always known it, deep down, like an echo in my chest.

Sometimes I imagine my life like a string. Not a line, not a journey — just a thread. Tangled in some places, pulled too tight in others. And this mark is where it's meant to snap.

I used to wonder if people could see it when they looked at me. If they noticed the way I kept touching it. If they wondered why my smiles never quite reached my eyes. But no one ever asked. So I kept pretending it wasn't there.

But it is.

It always is.

And lately... I've stopped wanting to explain it away.

Chapter 5 — Whispers That Go Nowhere

POV: Sakura

I started talking to Daffodil more often in the evenings. Not just in passing — full conversations, the kind where I said everything I couldn't say to people. The kind where I didn't have to smile after. Her cage sat near the window, and at night the streetlights would throw soft shadows across her feathers. She looked like part of the night, a silent thing that had been waiting for me.

I talked in a whisper. Not because I was afraid of being heard, but because the words felt too heavy to say out loud.

Sometimes I told her about school. About how Koke sat beside me in art class and how our hands would brush when we passed the brushes. About how I still couldn't tell if his smile was real. Sometimes I told her about therapy, how I sat through the sessions and nodded politely and made progress that didn't feel like progress. Other times I just sat beside her and cried.

She always listened.

No interruptions. No advice. No weight of concern pressed against my skin. Just a stillness — like she understood that I wasn't trying to be fixed, only heard.

There were moments where I felt like maybe I was getting better. I would laugh at something, genuinely, and feel a flicker of light inside my chest. But it never lasted. The feeling faded before I could name it, like smoke slipping through my fingers.

The worst part wasn't feeling sad. The worst part was not knowing why.

People assumed I was quiet because I was shy. But I was quiet because every time I tried to speak, something inside me folded in. My words came out wrong. My thoughts felt like a blur. I didn't have the energy to explain what I didn't even understand.

So I kept talking to Daffodil instead.

"Do you think people can really love someone like me?" I asked her once. *"Someone who doesn't smile right? Someone who doesn't know how to stay?"*

She blinked, hopped once on her perch, and settled back into stillness. I took that as a no. Or maybe a yes. Or maybe she was just tired of listening.

Another night, I told her, *"I think I'm fading. Not dying. Just... coming apart slowly. Like those pages in old books, when they crumble at the corners."* I pressed my forehead to the cage bars. She chirped, just once, like an answer I couldn't translate.

I started writing less in my journal and whispering more to her. It felt more real. Words on paper stayed there forever — and I didn't want these thoughts to last. But Daffodil's silence felt like water. It took everything in and let it drift away.

One evening, I sat with her longer than usual. I had my knees pulled to my chest, eyes half-closed, voice almost gone. I said:

"If I let you go... would you fly?"

She looked at me for a long time.

And in that moment, I think I knew what I was going to do.

Chapter 6 — No One Noticed the Wind

POV: Sakura

The day felt normal. That was the strangest part.

The sun came through the curtains gently. The house smelled like breakfast. Mr. Yurii was reading the newspaper, and Mrs. Yurii was humming as she stirred something in a pot. They smiled at me when I walked into the kitchen. I smiled back.

None of it felt wrong. But I knew it was the last time.

At school, Koke greeted me like he always did. He nudged my arm with his and asked if I brought extra snacks. I gave him half of my sandwich. He said nothing for a while, then handed me a folded doodle he'd drawn — a little mossy stone with a cherry blossom growing out of it. No words. Just that image. I folded it and kept it in my pocket.

That afternoon, I sat with Daffodil longer than usual. I opened the window, just a little, to let the warm breeze in. She fluttered her wings like she was excited, even though she didn't know why. Or maybe she did. Maybe birds just sense things.

I sat beside her and placed my hand on the cage door. She tilted her head.

"*You've waited long enough*," I whispered. "*Go be somewhere without walls and bars*."

I opened it slowly. She hesitated for a moment, then flew — not in a rush, not in fear. Just gently. Like she'd been practicing in her dreams.

She didn't even look back.

That night, I took a long shower. I brushed my hair, put on clean clothes, and cleaned my room like I always did on Sundays. I placed the folded doodle from Koke in my drawer. I kissed the photo frame of me and the Yurii family from our last picnic. I didn't cry.

There was no note on my bed, no dramatic goodbye. The letter I'd written weeks ago was already hidden away in my drawer. The one that explained everything. Or tried to.

I sat on the edge of my bed and looked out the open window. The breeze was still coming through. Quiet. Gentle. Unnoticed.

I don't think anyone realized that today was different.

But I did.

The wind carried Daffodil away.

And soon, it would carry me too.

Chapter 7 — The Boy Who Didn't Come

POV: Koke

I didn't go to the *funeral*.

I woke up early that day, earlier than I wanted to. My eyes burned like I hadn't slept, but I had. I think. Everything felt distant, like someone pressed the mute button on the world.

The text came from one of our classmates. "*She's gone,*" it said. Just that. Two words.

At first, I didn't believe it. Or maybe I did, too easily. I read it five times. I didn't reply.

I sat on the edge of my bed, hands shaking, not from cold but from something else. I couldn't name it. *Regret? Anger? Guilt?*

No. It was silence. Heavy, pressing silence that had nowhere to go.

My mom knocked on my door around ten. She said I should get dressed. She said I should be there. But I couldn't move. I didn't want to be seen — not like this. Not like someone who failed. Not like someone who cared too much and showed it.

I stared at the shirt I laid out the night before. I had planned to go. I really had. But something stopped me.

I was scared.

Scared that if I saw her lying there, still and cold, it would become real.

Scared that if I cried in front of people, they'd say I was weak.

Scared that someone would ask me how close we really were, and I wouldn't know what to say.

Just friends? Just friends don't sit in silence for hours. Just friends don't memorize the rhythm of each other's breathing.

I curled up under my blanket and tried to disappear. I thought maybe if I made myself small enough, the ache in my chest would shrink too. It didn't.

I looked over at my desk, at the notebook where I kept my sketches. I pulled it onto my lap and flipped through the pages until I found the one I drew for her — the moss stone with the little cherry blossom. It had been folded, unfolded, touched too many times. The crease had nearly torn the page in two.

I held it against my chest and cried.

Not loudly. Not the way people cry in movies. Just a quiet breaking, like something soft tearing from the inside.

I thought of her voice. Her eyes. Her way of smiling like she was trying to convince herself it was okay to smile. I remembered all the things I never said. The way I never told her I loved her. Not out loud. Not even in a whisper.

I told myself she knew. But even if she did, it wasn't enough.

I think I failed her. I think I was supposed to say something, do something, before it got this far. *But how do you save someone who keeps saying they're fine? How do you help someone who laughs with you and then whispers her truth to a bird?*

I closed my eyes and whispered, "*I'm sorry.*"

No one heard it but me.

I didn't go to the funeral.

And I'll carry that with me for the rest of my life.

Chapter 8 — The Eulogy

POV: Sakura's biological father

I stood at the front of the hall, behind the small wooden podium, with the eulogy paper trembling between my fingers.

The room was filled, yet quiet. You could hear every shift of fabric, every breath held in the chest. Cherry blossoms had been laid at the corners of the coffin. White lilies, too. They'd always said she loved soft things.

I looked down at the paper — her adoptive mother's handwriting. Neat. Measured. Full of love. These weren't my words. They never could've been. But they asked me to read them.

And I said yes.

Because what else can a father do at his daughter's funeral, after a lifetime of silence?

I swallowed and began.

"*She had a bird,*" I read. "*A small grey one. She named it Daffodil.*"

I paused. My throat tightened. I hadn't known about the bird. I hadn't known much about her at all.

"*She used to whisper to it when the world felt too loud. Not because it could speak back, but because it wouldn't.*"

I looked up briefly, scanning the crowd. Her friends were there. Some teachers. The Yurii couple sat in the front row, holding hands. Her mother's eyes were already red. Her father stared straight ahead, jaw clenched.

"*She was the kind of girl who tried,*" I continued. "*She tried to smile. She tried to laugh. She tried to believe people loved her. But inside, she was still carrying a world that no one else could see.*"

My voice cracked. I tried to recover.

Tried to sound like someone who had a right to be there.

Tried to pretend I hadn't once told myself it was better to let her go.

"*She made people laugh sometimes. She made people feel seen. And still, she believed she was invisible. That her smiles weren't enough. That her presence wasn't needed.*"

I paused longer this time. The words felt too personal. Like they weren't meant to be read aloud.

"*She let the bird go,*" I read, my hands tightening around the paper. "*And so... she followed it.*"

That was ***the last line.***

I lowered the paper, gently folded it back along its creases, and stared at it for a moment. The weight of the words — someone else's words — pressed into my chest like stones.

I wanted to say something more. Something of my own. But I couldn't.

What could I say?

That I left?
That I couldn't handle the truth of her pain?
That I didn't understand her, so I abandoned her?

No words would fix it. And this wasn't my moment.
I was just the voice reading the letter.
A stranger with her blood.

Still, I looked out again, at the casket, the flowers, the people who did stay.
And quietly, in my mind, I spoke the only truth I had left.

I'm sorry I wasn't the one who loved you like I should have.
But I'm here now, and I will carry your words with me until the end.

Chapter 9 — Moss and Petals

POV: Split – Koke and Sakura's biological father

- *Koke*

I visited her street a week after the funeral.

I didn't go inside. I just stood across from the Yurii house and watched. The curtains were drawn. A flower pot was tipped over on the front porch, the dirt half-spilled. I wondered if anyone had noticed.

In my pocket, I held the moss-and-blossom drawing. Folded too many times. The paper was thin now, fragile like breath. I almost left it on their doorstep. But I didn't. I kept it.

I sat on the curb for a long time. My backpack at my side. A memory playing on repeat.

She had once said, "You always sit like the world isn't going anywhere."

I had laughed. "What's the rush?"

She didn't answer. Just smiled — that quiet, tired smile I didn't understand back then.

Now I do.

I wanted to scream. Not out of anger, but because silence hurts in a way noise never can.

But I didn't scream.

Instead, I picked up a fallen blossom from the gutter, pressed it between the pages of my sketchbook, and walked away.

I didn't look back.

- ***Her Biological Father***

I stood alone in my living room, reading her letter again.

I had read it twenty-three times since the funeral. Every sentence hurt more now, not because of what she wrote — but because I could finally hear her in it. Her voice wasn't bitter. It wasn't angry. It was soft. Resigned. Honest.

She had written, "Even when people love me, it feels like they're looking through glass."

And now I wonder if I was the one who built that glass in the first place.

I couldn't stop thinking about her bird — Daffodil. About how she let it go before she left.

It wasn't symbolic.

It was real.

She gave it freedom. The one thing she never truly felt.

I started placing flowers by my window. Cherry blossoms, when I could find them. Daffodils, when they bloomed. I didn't do it for peace. I did it because I wanted her to know — somewhere, in whatever wind carried her away — that I finally saw her.

- ***Both***

The world kept turning. Classes continued. Seasons changed.

But for the ones who loved her — truly, deeply, silently — time had split in half: before and after Sakura Yurii.

There are some stories that don't end in loud tragedy.

Some hearts don't break like glass.

They fade like petals in the breeze.

Sakura didn't leave because she wasn't loved.

She left because she couldn't feel it.

But in the lives she touched — the boy who never bloomed, the man who never spoke — she planted something.

And though she couldn't stay long enough to see it,

she left behind

moss, and petals.

Silence, and truth.

And a name

we'll never forget.

Epilogue — To the One Who Stayed Quiet

POV: Tinujungshi Longkumer (Author)

I didn't write this story to be beautiful.

I didn't write it to be poetic.

I wrote it because it was the only way I knew how to say the things that scare me. The things we don't talk about — the ones that sit behind a smile and pretend to be okay.

Sakura is fictional. But she's also real.

She is me. She is you. She is every person who has ever felt invisible in a room full of people.

She is the one who's always quiet, but never truly at peace.

The one who keeps trying, until trying becomes exhausting.

The one who wants to feel love — desperately — but can't seem to believe it's true.

I wrote her story with shaking hands.

Because some part of me knew: there are Sakuras out there right now — walking through their day, smiling politely, feeding the bird no one else notices.

And maybe they won't leave a note.

Maybe no one will know until it's too late.

Or maybe, just maybe, someone will see them in time.

If that someone is you,

then listen. Look deeper. Sit beside them in silence. You don't have to fix them. Just let them know they're not invisible.

Because people don’t always need saving.

Sometimes, they just need to be understood — without being told to change.

Thank you for reading this.

And if it hurt a little, that’s okay. It was supposed to.

Because pain is the proof that we still feel — that we’re still here.

And sometimes, just being here is the bravest thing anyone can do.

Reader's Reference & Symbolism Guide

A gentle walkthrough of key meanings, metaphors, and names used in Sombre of Sakura Yurii.

"Sakura":

Sakura (桜) means cherry blossom in Japanese. It symbolizes fleeting beauty, fragile life, and transience. Her name itself is a reflection of how delicate, yet meaningful her presence was. Like a cherry blossom, she bloomed quietly — and faded before her time.

"Daffodil" (the bird):

Named after the flower that spreads its seeds by wind, Daffodil is Sakura's secret companion.

It symbolizes:

- Release
- Letting go
- Carrying away truth in silence

Daffodil represents the voice she never shared with others, the only listener to her real feelings.

"Koke" (苔):

Koke is Japanese for moss — a plant that does not bloom, but survives in shade and stillness.

Koke, the boy who silently loved her, is a metaphor for:

- Quiet affection
- Emotional endurance
- Unspoken love that grows unnoticed

“The Birthmark on Her Neck”:

A symbolic mark — possibly a divine foreshadowing, or a metaphorical scar representing how trauma imprints silently. Readers are invited to interpret it as fate, warning, or symbolism of entrapment.

“The Caged Bird” (Daffodil):

A metaphor for Sakura herself — trapped, unheard, but still alive inside. Releasing Daffodil before her final moments shows both freedom and farewell, leaving the truth in the wings of something purer than words.

“The Yurii Family”:

“Yurii” may sound close to yuri (百合), meaning lily in Japanese — a flower of purity, compassion, and new beginnings. The family represents an attempt at healing, love, and support — though not enough to erase the internal damage Sakura carried.

“The Title: S.O.S. → Y”:

The title “Sombre of Sakura Yurii” secretly carries a layered message:

- S.O.S. = A hidden cry for help
- Y (Yurii) = The haunting question: Why?

It’s a poetic distress signal embedded in the title — and in the silence no one understood until it was too late.

“Themes & Tone”:

This story explores:

- Hidden grief
- The quiet aftermath of trauma
- The illusion of healing

- Unspoken love
- Emotional isolation
- The weight of questions left unanswered

This story uses nature metaphors, ambient sadness, and subtle symbolism to let readers feel the ache without directly witnessing the trauma.

❀A FINAL NOTE❀

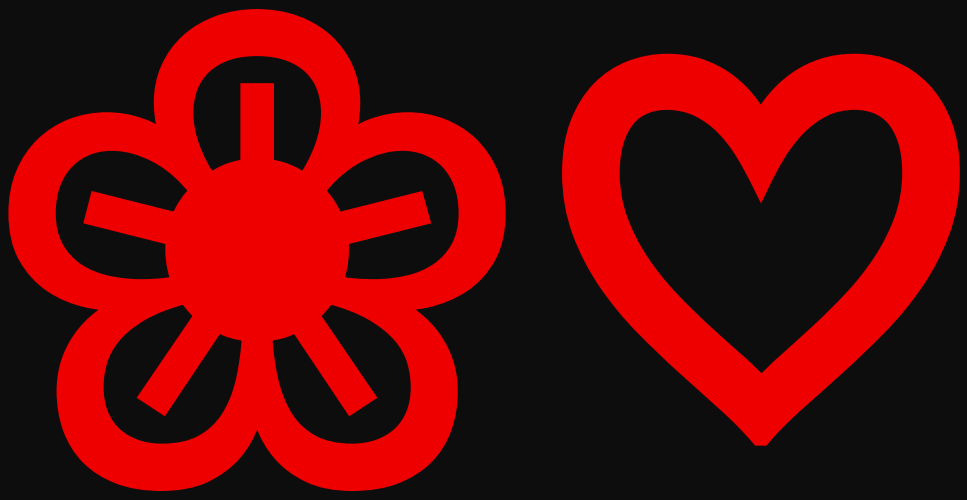
She never asked to be saved.

Only to be understood.

If you listened, even in silence—

you gave her what the world couldn't.

-Tinujungshi Longkumer



SAKURA & KOKE

Credits & Ownership

Title: Sombre of Sakura Yurii

Written & Directed by: Tinujungshi Longkumer

(Social Media/Pen Name: @jungshi.verse or T. Jungshi)

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About the Writer

Tinujungshi Longkumer, known by his pen name T. Jungshi (@jungshi.verse), is a young indie writer from Nagaland, India. Born in 2009, he writes from a place where emotions linger long after words end.

His work leans into the quiet weight of sorrow, solitude, and emotional stillness — not as dramatic displays, but as lived truths carried in silence. Romance, when it appears in his writing, is never loud or idealized; it takes the form of faint affection, often unspoken, often unnoticed — but deeply felt.

T. Jungshi's writing is defined by soft metaphors, symbolic imagery, and a weaving of language that allows meaning to rise gently, like breath on glass. His stories rarely shout; instead, they ask the reader to pause, to feel, and to listen to what isn't said.

Sombre of Sakura Yurii is one such story — an introspective piece crafted in solitude, for those who've ever felt alone with their feelings.

Thank you so much for reading.

This story began as a soft, flexible idea — something fragile, imagined in a quiet moment. Slowly, I shaped it into words, edited it, formatted it, and finally shared it with the world.

Even a single read means everything to me.

It's enough to make me smile, feel seen, and reminded that someone out there listened.

I hope to see you again in my next book. :)

Until then...
Stay safe. Stay motivated. Stay powerful.
Keep showing your warm smile to the world — even to strangers.
Someone out there really needs it.

And if you're feeling down,
please remember: ***you matter.***
Even if I'm just a stranger to you,
I see you.
You are not invisible.
You are enough, exactly as you are.

The world can be unkind — but I believe in you.
You can make it through.

You're living for yourself.
You have every right to be who you are.
You don't need permission to feel, to cry, to ask for help, to smile, to laugh — or simply...
to be you.

With warmth and love,
T. Jungshi

Sombre Of Sakura Yurii

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E-book.
PG Rated: 13+

Written with love by,
Tinujungshi Longkumer ♥